

CANZO N r₈

JLL beauty's far
perfections rest in thee !
And sweetest grace of
graces Decks thy face,
ybove faces! All virtue
takes her glory from thy

mind! The Muses in thy wits have
their places ! And in thy thoughts
all mercies be !

Thine heart from all hardness
free ! An holy place in thy thoughts, holiness
doth find !

In favourable speech, kind! A
sacred tongue and eloquent! Action
sweet and excellent! Music itself, in
joints of her fair fingers is !

She, Chantress of singers is! Her plighted
faith is firm and permanent! O now ! now,
help ! Wilt thou take some compassion ? She
thinks I flatter, writing on this fashion!

Thy beauty past, with disorder stained is !
In thee, no graces find rest!
In thee, who sought it, saw
least! And all thy thoughts be vain
and vicious !

Thy brains with dulness are
oppresst ! Of thee, no
mercy gained is!